

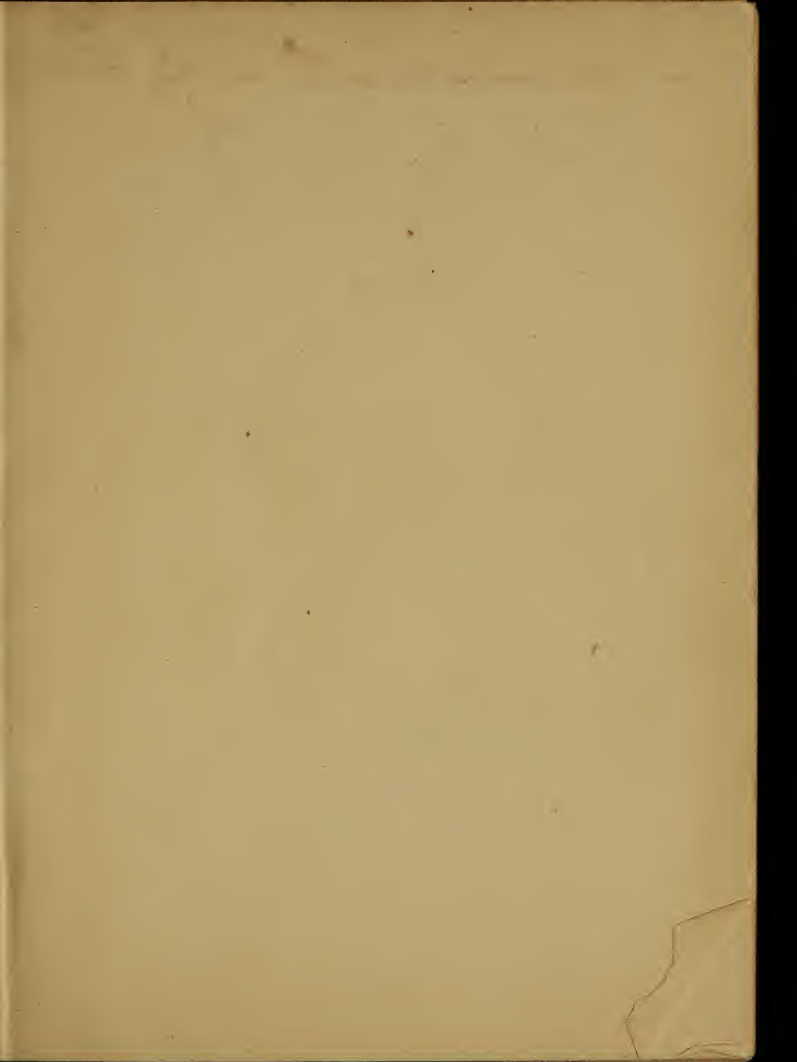


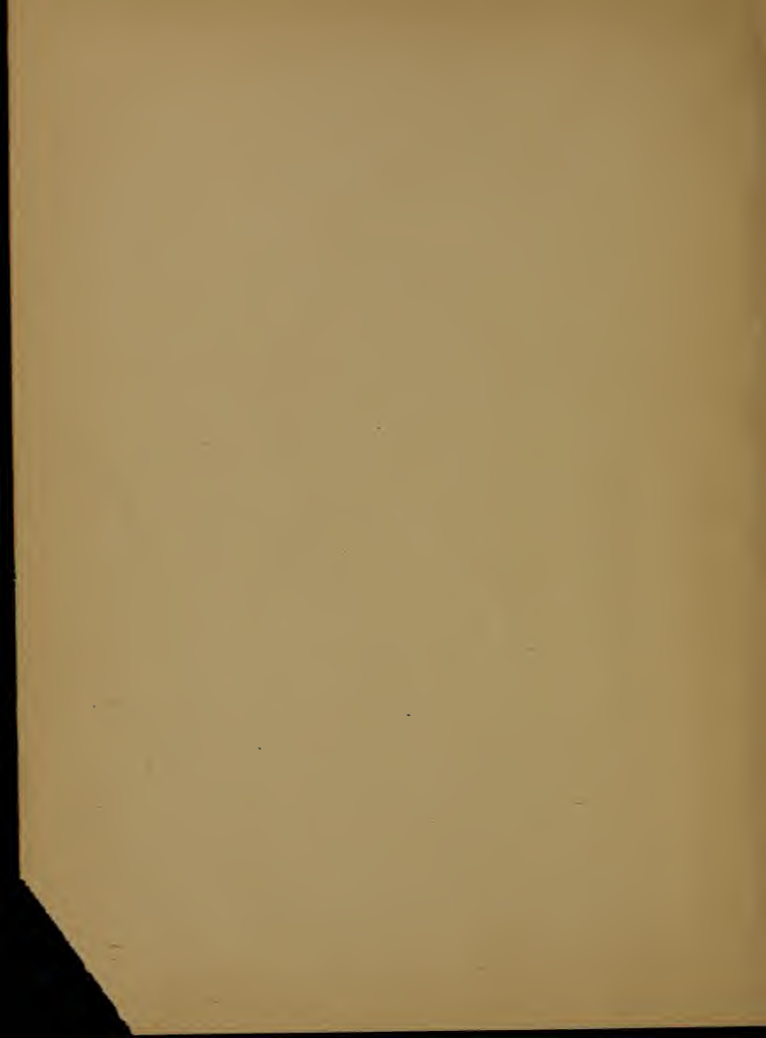
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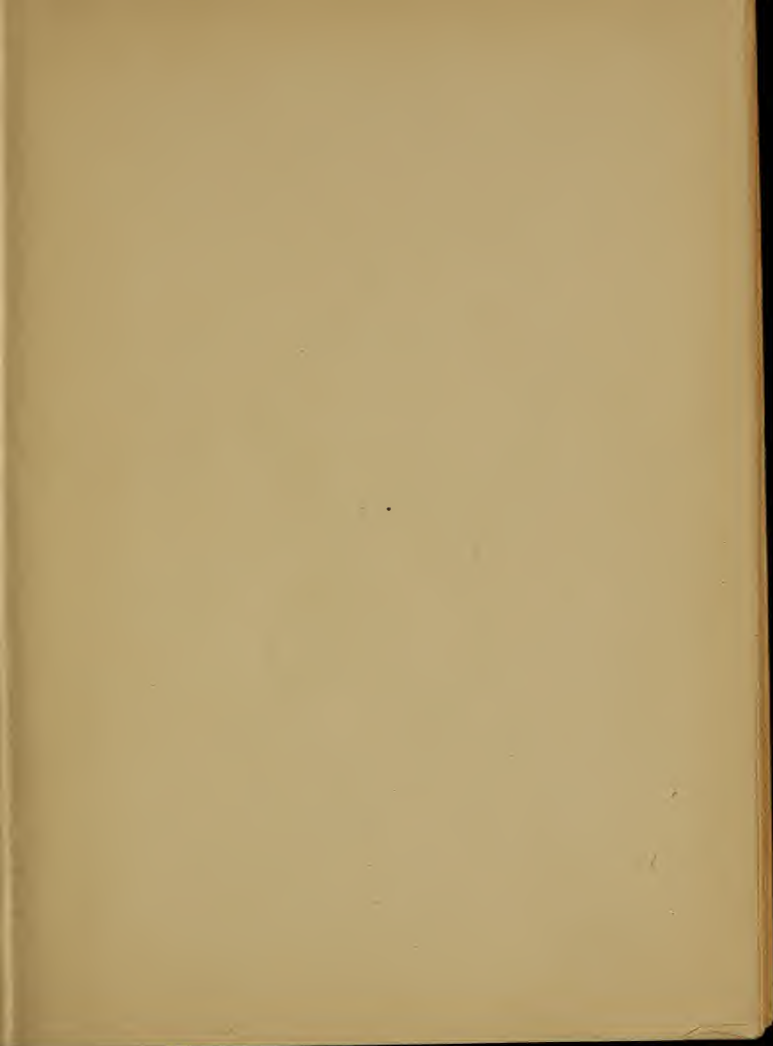
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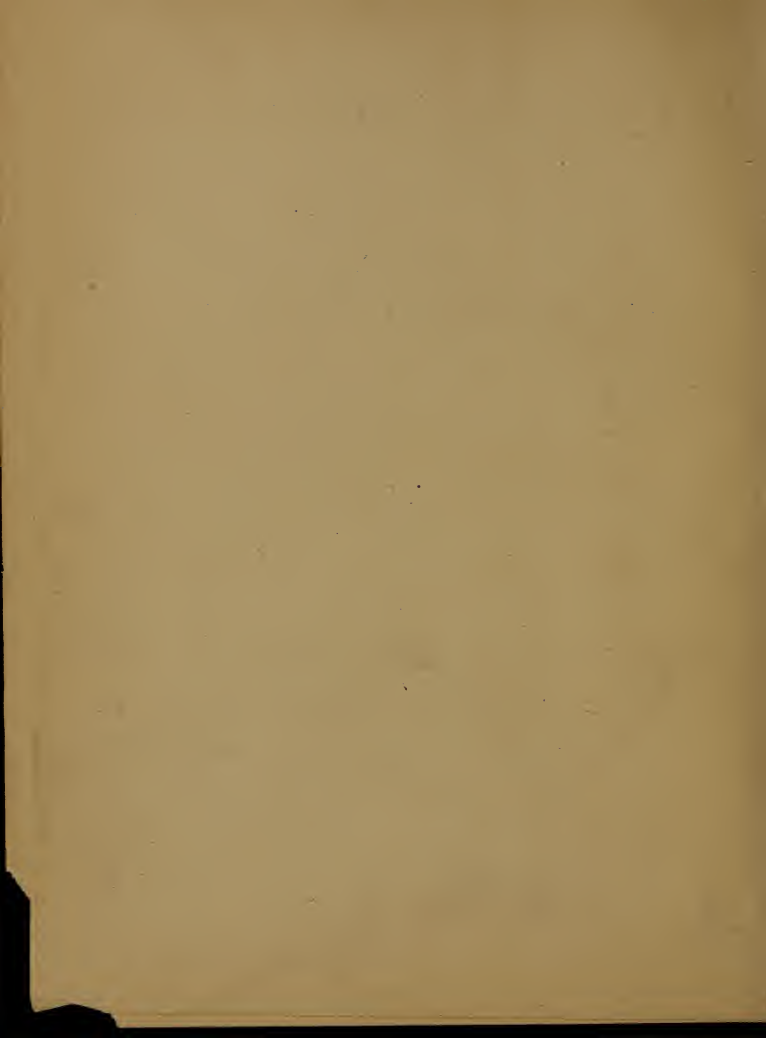
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HABITUAL DRINKING

AND

ITS REMEDY.

BY

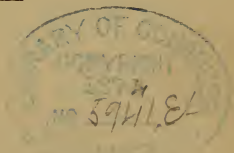


REV. GEORGE A. LOFTON.

Pastor First Baptist Church, Memphis, Tenn.

27 3/5 32

'Woe unto them that riseth up early in the morning, that they may follow strong drink; that continue all night till wine inflames them.'—[Isaiah v. 11.]



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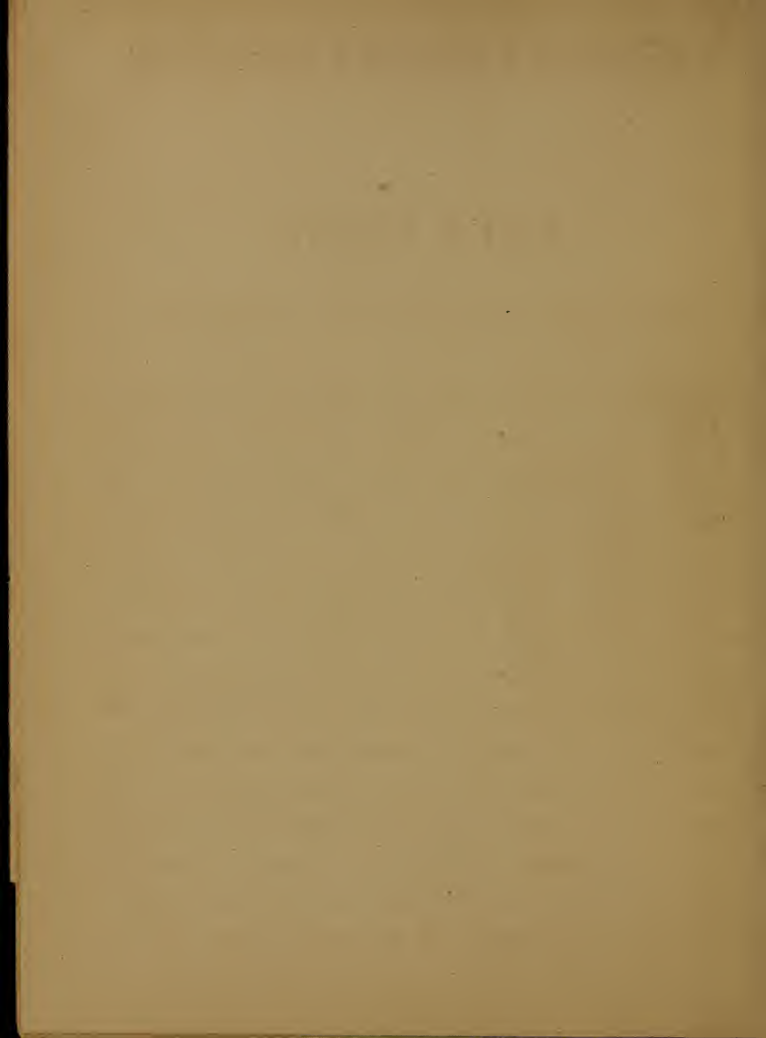




PREFACE.

This little volume is published in order to meet a great demand of the subject discussed, not heretofore sufficiently impressed upon the public. I mean, especially, the Remedy proposed, as the only cure for "confirmed drunkenness." The first part of the work, which treats of the Evil of "Habitual Drinking," is but one of thousands of similar efforts to awaken serious consideration upon the subject, and to lead the mind to contemplate more effectually the REMEDY.


The author risks his effort against popular criticism and prejudice, not because of his confidence in any merit of the production, but, above all, for the good he hopes to accomplish. If one soul is saved from ruin and eternal death, he will be more than repaid for his trouble and expense. In fact, this effort is the result of a resolution passed by several temperance councils at Cold Water, Miss., upon the occasion of a lecture delivered, by request, upon the





PART FIRST.

THE EVIL OF HABITUAL DRINKING.

UR theme is *Habitual Drinking*, not drunkenness merely. There are many forms of the alcoholic evil which never culminate in absolute drunkenness. Our aim is to reach the abuse, not the proper use of alcohol. We would not overreach the truth, nor enter into a fanatical and unqualified condemnation of the legitimate and scriptural employment, for good of any and every agent and instrument bestowed upon man for his happiness. Paul says, "I know and am persuaded by the Lord Jesus, that there is nothing unclean of itself: *but* to him that esteemeth anything (indifferent) to be unclean, *to him it is unclean.*" There is unquestionably a *medical* and *healthful* use of alcohol, though, perhaps, not an *indispensable* use, in

most cases where it is needed. In most cases, however, something else might do equally as well, or better. But of this hereafter.

Notwithstanding this conservative view, alcohol, like many other agents for good, is susceptible, above all other things, of the greatest evil. In all cases, then, whether by example to others, or by legitimate use to ourselves, where there is the least danger of contracting, or of not breaking, the fearful habit of *Drinking*, we would urge TOTAL ABSTINENCE, as the only step to the only Remedy, which can secure safety to the victims of this otherwise fatal malady. The evils of alcohol unquestionably overbalance all its good; and it were better for mankind, to-day, that there was not a drop of it upon earth—even if there were no other remedy, for fleshly ills, comparable to it in excellence. To the task of exposing the evils of Alcohol, the First Part of this work is devoted; to the Remedy, the latter.




HABITUAL DRINKING

AND ITS REMEDY.

CHAPTER I.

PREVALENCE AND MAGNITUDE OF THE EVIL.

 HE abusive use of alcohol, in some of its varied and subtle forms, is almost universally prevalent. The magnitude and the turpitude of the evil are commensurate with its prevalence. In the city, the town, the village, the hamlet; in the country, and in almost every family, this hydra-headed monster, DRINK, stalks with impartial pace, breathes with venomous breath, and burns with baleful eye into the hearts and habitations of men. Read the most partial statistics of DRINK, and pause and wonder! Behold the \$250,000,000 annually wasted in the consumption of

approved methods and facilities of progress to his fiendish ends. Thus he makes—as far as he is able—evil keep pace with the good; nay, often outstrip the latter in what the world calls approved and progressive development.

Satan dreads and hates light. He ever seeks to pervert, counterfeit, or extinguish it. He usually comes as an “angel of light;” and like the “False Prophet of Khorassan,” he ever wears a silvery veil to mask his hellish deformities and designs. Alcohol is his all-potent, universal agent—full of fascination and ideal charms—the invariable subversion of reason and a deadly potion to conscience. By this Satan deludes the world; and against its own judgment and hope and desire, dooms it to perpetual defeat, ruin and despair. In spite of palpable and conscious ruin, he by this agency leads man ever on, in helpless but willful madness, to utter destruction! And it is not until the last scene that Satan, like Mokanna, lifts his delusive veil at the drunkard’s “banquet of death,” and with “grinning mockery,” passes the parting cup to his fated victims, who, while they return his fiendish look in vain, still

madly quaff his burning poison to the dregs. Truly, "*At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder.*"

Especially on America has the blight of this evil fallen with deadly fatality. It catches even the once provident foreigner who lands upon our shores. The facilities of life, the liberty of the country and the laxity of our social and moral systems, perhaps, account for it. Of all people we are the most blest, the most free, the most easy. Why should we turn these boons into licentiousness? No land beneath the sun is so fair, so flourishing, and affords such prospects for future greatness and glory; and yet we seem to be threatened with the national doom of a drunkard's curse. Who can say our calamities have not sprung already from this source? Unquestionably, alcohol has lead, and will lead, to our demoralization and ruin, unless the growth of the monster is checked.



CHAPTER II.

NATURE AND CHARACTER OF THE EVIL.

I.

PHYSICALLY. All things are, in themselves, good. It is abuse that begets evil. Somethings are in their very nature, however, much more liable to abuse than others. Eating, sleeping, working, may each be abused, but not likely. These are necessities. The wine-cup, the card-table, the dance, the theater, the world's pleasures, each and all, in their very nature, tend to excess, and are full of fascination and danger to most persons, and hence had better be entirely abandoned than risk the danger to which they expose all and by which they ruin their thousands.

Alcohol, in any of its pure forms or compounds, may be judiciously used as a medicine, under the prescription of an honest and exemplary physician

friend. It is dangerous often to prescribe for one's self, and harder still to follow the prescription when made, if it's of brandy. Paul's prescription to Timothy is good authority; but it is a prohibition to well men. The example of Christ at Cana of Gallilee, affords no comfort to the habitual drinker of even the most innocent wine. It must be acknowledged, however, that the cultivation of the pure grape and the use of domestic wines all over the country, would go far to exterminate drunkenness in the disuse of adulterated liquors and strong drink. Whether it would be a cure for the dreadful disease or not, has not been fairly demonstrated in any portion of Europe or America. In wine-growing, or beer-drinking states, drunkenness prevails to a very large extent, but not so generally as in this country.

But the truth is, a perfectly well man needs no artificial stimulus, either to health or enjoyment. That of normal food and nature is all he requires. Alcohol is not a food; nor does it ever give vital force to body or mind, save in a state of exhaustion and extreme cold; and then only in small quantities, judiciously taken; otherwise the effects of the rem-

edy are more fatal and exhaustive than those of the disease itself. Neither is alcohol any preventive of disease. During the recent epidemics in Memphis and Nashville, it was abundantly proven that temperate men were generally exempt from cholera and yellow fever, but if attacked, their recovery was almost certain. So it is in all other diseases. The pure constitution of a "total abstainer" is almost a sure guarantee against malarial, epidemic, or prevalent diseases. To these propositions the ablest physicians in the world, the common observation and the experience of mankind, give their assent.

Under the head of the *physical*, alcohol is a narcotic poison—good, like other poisons, in its place, when properly used. Substantially, the following, according to Dr. Miller of Edinburg, are the poisonous effects of alcohol:

1. "*The Shock.*" Alcohol taken in large quantities, is immediately absorbed by the vessels of the stomach, and mingling with the blood, is carried to all parts of the body, affecting very specially the nervous centers. These are paralyzed; the heart stops and life ceases. Prussic acid is not more cer-

tainly deadly. Thus it acts like a blow upon the head or the stomach.

2. "*Coma.*" The bottle is consumed more leisurely. The victim is found in a state closely resembling apoplexy, with suffused face, laboring pulse, heavy breathing, total insensibility. The nervous centers are all but paralyzed; the heart and lungs act imperfectly. The man is choking gradually. The hand of alcohol is on his throat—and soon he is still—in the grasp of death.

3. "*Dead Drunk.*" The man is stronger, or perhaps the dose is less, or more slowly taken; and after a heavy stupor, the drunkard evinces signs of returning consciousness. He has been all but actually dead, as in *coma*—poisoned with alcohol. Had he died, upon dissection, the alcohol would have been found unchanged, not only in the general mass of the blood, but especially in the brain, a texture for which it has great affinity.

4. "*Intoxication.*" Reaching the brain more gradually and in smaller quantities, the alcohol acts at first as a stimulant, accompanied by great vivacity, intellectual excitement, and play of fancy. The

dose continued, sight and hearing are affected; the limbs grow weak; the head swims; the tongue refuses distinct articulation; the intellect is perverted, partaking of the nature of delirium; reason is gone; and voluntary control more and more in abeyance. The passions defy all moral power; and the man becomes, by his own act, a *voluntarius demon*—fitted only for violence, both to himself and others.

5. "*Alcoholismus Chronicus*," or "chronic alcoholic poisoning." This is by frequent repetition and cumulative action of alcohol upon the nervous system. The whole body trembles; eyesight and hearing are impaired; the mind is weak; general debility increases; sleep is capricious; strength, comfort, appetite and energy disappear; the stomach puts forth foul secretions; startlings seize the limbs; epilepsy may follow; the man may die. Arsenic could not sap life more surely; and all this without having been absolutely drunk.

6. "*Delirium Ebrosium*." The last case runs into this, after the continued effects of the alcohol passes off. The man becomes sober, but is mad. This insanity, termed *delirium ebrosium*, is usually of an

active or dangerous kind, both to others and to the victim alike. It often becomes permanent, and settles down into a confirmed mental disease.

7. "*Delirium Tremens.*" Body weak; nerves unstrung; the mind a prey to all manner of rapidly shifting delusions; violence to others improbable, but injury to self not unlikely. This may result even from occasional drinking. Death in these paroxysms not unfrequent; or the temporary insanity may become permanent,.

8. "*Oinomania.*" For the time the victim is well, sober, trustworthy. But suddenly a furious and fiendish impulse draws him again to the bottle. He gulps down the glass, as if his only object were instant and complete intoxication. Once drunk, he will hardly suffer himself to grow sober again for perhaps a week or ten days. Then he gradually gets hold of a lucid interval—to be rudely broken again at no distant day. This is a confirmed disease from which few, if any, ever recover. An oinomaniac once said, "*If a bottle of brandy stood at one end of the table, and the pit of hell yawned at the other, and*

were I convinced that so soon as I took a glass, I should be pushed off, I could not refrain."

Fearful disease! Fearful accountability to him who thus habituates himself to insanity! It is no excuse that *drunkenness* becomes insanity. The time was when the victim *had* the moral power to overcome his besetting sin. If he lost that power, it was his own fault; and he stands guilty of every involuntary act of subsequent madness. It is all his own folly and self-wrought ruin.

Of course, all these physical effects are modified or intensified, according to the degrees of habitual drinking. However fixed or imperfect the habit, the poisonous effects are proportionably produced; and will be, sooner or later, developed into certain injury—for, sooner or later, the habit will be unalterably fixed. The individual may never get drunk, but if his drinking is habitual, it will display itself in final developments of evil or injury, when the victim least expects it. The process may be of slow and imperceptible progress, but all of a sudden the machinery of physical life clogs, or snaps, or breaks down.



CHAPTER III.

NATURE AND CHARACTER OF THE EVIL—CONTINUED.

III.

MENTALLY. If the effects of habitual drinking are fearful to the body, we have already discovered a no less fatal effect upon the mind. Let us consider this point more minutely. For purposes of convenience, we may distinguish the mind into (1) intellect; (2) will; (3) moral emotions; (4) animal passions. I here follow merely the order of Dr. Miller.

1. The *intellect*. To a greater or less degree, intellectual efforts are often stimulated by alcohol in social and convivial conversation and interchange, in public oratory, in many of the great efforts with the pen, and in the varied business of life. This is the force of a dangerous and mistaken notion—

fearfully detrimental, in the habit, to the exercise of a healthy brain—except, perhaps, when alcohol is judiciously employed to aid feeble and exhausted constitutions. Men who are addicted to this artificial stimulus of the intellect, generally become otherwise intemperate, and are by no means trustworthy. However brilliant in talent and calling, they are usually rash, hasty, hot-headed, unsafe guides, and unreliable exponents of any class of business or principles—aside from the fact of being generally corrupt and unscrupulous. It is a mistaken idea that the most honorable, the most noble men in the country, generally drink liquor. Whatever may have been their character or nature at the start, alcohol will finally debase them, even in the loftiest and most honorable vocations of life. By way of illustration we might refer to the lives, characters and acts of many preachers, doctors, lawyers, politicians, authors and military chieftains, whose temerity, imprudence, radicalism, indiscretions and defections have long since destroyed their influence, their fortunes and their fame; and whose blunders and crimes have led, in many instances, to

personal, family, ecclesiastical, or national calamities. But this is not all. Intellectual efforts, thus stimulated, ever leave the mind exhausted as well as corrupted. In combination with the natural fires of the physical constitution, alcohol burns out, by great intellectual effort, the vitality of the brain. There is a mental, as well as physical exhaustion, following every such effort, which sends the whole man as far below nature's zero as the unnatural and artificial stimulus raised him above it. And then each successive effort, according to the intensity of the habit, demands a greater degree of the required stimulant for success, until finally, abused and exhausted nature breaks down. There are cases upon record, where, after some of these grand intellectual efforts, the overtaxed functions of some gigantic brain have burnt out, like a constantly heated forge, and the victim forever shorn of his intellect. In some instances, life itself has been extinguished, when the orator took his seat, or the writer laid down his pen. The candle of genius flashed suddenly out; the lamp of a great spirit was forever quenched.

And this is not all. As we have seen, insanity, madness, imbecility, wrecklessness and mental folly, are the great mass of evil concomitants which enter into the ruin of the intellect, disordered by habitual drinking. We need not enter the jail, the gibbet, the penitentiary, as we shall see hereafter, to discover the effects of drink; but the poor-house, the tomb of the suicide, the cell of the maniac—a thousand dens of misery and hovels of poverty, to behold the wrecks of the noblest intellects, and the consequences of their folly. Ah! my readers, keep your brain cool, if you would be intellectually great or good. Brandy only excites the imagination and distorts the fancy, without substantially aiding the judgment in the least. On the contrary intoxication ever paralyzes, subverts, nay, destroys your reason—the lamp and the light of nature, and man's only intellectual guide. Above all things, keep your head cool.

2. *The will.* Volition is man's controlling power; but alcohol masters the giant's will, leaving the mightiest mind to drift, like a rudderless ship, upon the merciless billows of passion's tempest-tossed

ocean. The maddened drunkard, when sober, has little or no will of his own; and against the loathing of his very soul and his better judgment, goes, again and again, like the sow, to his wallowing in the mire—in spite of himself and every counter influence. Not only so, but the will can exercise no voluntary control against the commission, oft', of the most dreadful crimes. In moments of sense and soberness, there is generally some motive power behind the will—either impelling to good, or restraining from evil; but when a man is under the influence of alcohol, all motive power is in abeyance. Purpose has no well-defined bounds—save those of passion, maddened and bent upon evil; the soul, descending from the loftiest heights of true nobility to the lowest deeps of grossness or folly, breaks down the pillars of its own will, and revels in its own ruins.

Sometimes men drink to give force or power to their will; but such an act is generally the manifestation of cowardice, imbecility, or of some unmanly design. Moral courage requires no such artificial motive power; and he that applies it will invariably corrupt his courage, and totally rob himself of what

little moral manhood he has. Worse than all, when the influence of such a motive is gone, the victim sinks but the deeper still into a lower depth of cowardice, corruption and self-disrespect.

3. *The moral emotions.* Alcohol, like the furnace to steel, ever petrifies the heart; like mildew, it ever casts a withering blight upon the loftier passions of the soul. The slightest touch of intemperance sears them, as with a hot iron. These emotions are the tenderest and purest portion of our being. They are gentle chords of the heart, upon which nature plays her sweetest notes, filling the soul with melody from within and from without. Touch them purely and softly, and there are corresponding symphonies, in heaven and earth alike, everywhere awakening the sympathies of beings above and beings below, and bringing social and spiritual man into the union and communion of a holier and loftier music than ever waked the melodies of earthly harp. Alcohol sweeps these chords with the maniacal touch of the demon, breaking in with a rude crash upon the harmony and the inner purity of the human heart, like the harsh blast of the warrior's

bugle upon the calm, sweet air of a lovely night. Nay, brandy crushes out the moral emotions; crushes to extinction. As in the intellect and the will—even in the lucid intervals of the debauchee—he is oft, insensible to the most potent touch of any earthly motive, whether of person, family, rank, country, self or ambition. Love, hope, fear, justice, truth, honor, shame, pity—everything that distinguishes a man from a brute—all that ever savored of the “likeness and image” of God, are not unfrequently eradicated, not only for the moment, but permanently from the inebriate’s flinty bosom. All we have said is, to a greater or less degree, true of every man who drinks, according to the degree or intensity of his intemperance.

4. *The animal passions.* These require no cultivation, save that of restraint, in which consists immeasurably the success and happiness of mankind. Everything else in man needs the most careful culture and development, but these animal desires and passions are the wild grass and the weeds of our nature, the roots of which are original sin, but, however evil, can do us no harm, if not allowed to crop


out. No rain makes them grow like alcohol; and the drunkard's heart is like yonder blighted field, in which the growth of his moral and intellectual endowments have paled, and choked, and sickened, and blasted, and died under the suffocating and spontaneous growth of his animal passions. But excite and develop them with wine, and they are the furies of hell, which now revel in fiendish delight in the soul, turning anon every good thing out; and now, maddened and exhausted by exercise, leave the heart panting with its insatiable fires, ever-ungratified, even when the poor body is overcome and paralyzed with its burning stimulus. When sober, these passions are hard to subdue; but when drinking, they blot out every trace of moral and voluntary manhood—now leaving the victim the wreck of shame and remorse, but in the end, even shorn of his conscience—the strongest pillar of our fallen nature. Like a mighty Samson blind, drink will finally lift *that* magnificent column from under the sublime framework of the soul, and it will fall in its grandeur, an undistinguishable ruin.



CHAPTER IV.

NATURE AND CHARACTER OF THE EVIL—CONTINUED.

IV.

PIRITUALLY. Here we shall be brief, as we have already anticipated much we have to say. For the sake of convenience we shall distinguish religion from morality—at least from morality so called—in the world. Morality is not religion, then, but only one of the effects of religion, arising from the love and practice of its precepts. If the drunkard cannot be guided by even the principles of moral rectitude, how utterly hopeless his case in a spiritual point of view! The crowning evidence and inalienable element of the “new birth” in Christianity is “FAITH which works by love;” which purifies the heart; which ever awakens and quickens the once dead sinner to a living and sensible realization of his relations to

God and to man; of his own union with Christ; of his hopes of eternal life. Faith, if anything does, keeps the fear of God before our eyes, and the love of God in our once obdurate hearts. I mean, of course, that faith which is "of the operation of God;" which is operative in itself, and which is the "fruit of the Spirit."

Now there can be no consistency between ardent spirit, which kills both body and soul, and HOLY SPIRIT, which makes alive. The two are wide as the poles asunder—antipodes—and can never exist together. In the first place, it is utterly impossible to reclaim a man to Christ under any sort of alcoholic influence, no matter how the man prays, praises, weeps, shouts, or exercises his functions. His religious conceptions will all be morbid, or fanciful; and when the effect of the liquor is gone, he despises the efforts he made, and his religious notions and sentiments are more remote and indifferent than ever. A gentleman listening on one occasion to my sermon on "JESUS OF NAZARETH" appeared most deeply affected. At the close of the services he came up and took me by the hand, the

tears streaming down his cheeks, said, "*I could cut a man's throat who would say aught against Jesus of Nazareth.*" The man was partially intoxicated. His moral emotions were morbid—his fancy distorted—his animal passions, by an unlawful usurpation, reveling with religious frenzy in the purer realms of the soul, and contaminating the only sanctum sanctorum of the Spirit of God in man. A man must be cool, sober, clear-headed, at himself, to enter in truth and spirit, this holy of holies—even in his own breast. Christianity is a profound principle—of spiritual comprehension alone—demanding the whole intellect, will, and moral emotions, and the entire subjugation and subordination of the animal passions. We could tell of hundreds of instances—in the church, on the street—of men more or less affected with whisky, whose tears, entreaties, promises and good intentions upon the subject of religion were not as substantial as the morning mists, or the early dew before the sun. Meet the same men when a little sober, and they are the first to evade the subject, or the last to even hint of religion. They really then loathe it in their hearts. And so

we conclude that it is impossible to reclaim a sinner to Christ under any sort of alcoholic influences.

Again, it is impossible to conceive a Christian a habitual drinker. What is true of the sinner in this point of view, must be true of the professor. His spiritual conceptions and enjoyments must be exceedingly gross and fanciful. You often hear these professed followers of a meek and lowly Savior *talk* of their religion and experiences, and sometimes *weep* like children, but their words are extravagance, and their tears spring from a meaningless excitement. But even this state of things changes. These drinking professors generally wander from the true faith, as they deflect from the path of moral rectitude; and groveling alcohol soon incorporates into their so-called religion, false and sensual views to fit their conduct. Whisky is a prolific source of infidelity, even among professors, and they soon discover faults and errors in Christianity and Christians which they constantly display, to excuse their own weaknesses, and palliate their own sins. As in everything else, but more especially in this, when professors get wrong themselves, they readily dis-

cover the Bible and their brethren *all wrong*. In the end, the drunken professor, if he persists in his sin, becomes a croaking skeptic, a hater of Christians, and often the worst of all misanthropes. Some of the bitterest infidels may be found among drinking backsliders. They once, like the "stony ground" hearer, ran well for a while; but in time of temptation began to fall away, until they have reached, in their downward and sensual course, the undefined shores of an ever-widening infidelity. Their last state is a thousand times worse than the first.

There are some exceptions, however, who always seem penitent over their wanderings, and who continue orthodox to the theory of their faith. But alas! alas! they are too weak, both mentally and morally, to overcome the besotting and the besetting sin. God only knows—we cannot tell—what will be the fate of such professors. The religion of Christ says, "*Whatsoever is born of God overcometh the world.*" Paul declares this overcoming element in himself, when he says, "I therefore run, as not uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air: but I keep under my body, and bring it into

subjection : lest by any means, when I have preached to others, I myself should be a castaway," or, in other words, rejected. The evidence that a man is a true Christian is that he keeps his body under—even to the end of his Christian race. He may have many a stumble, fall and slip, but he will overcome all, as he journeys to the goal of his eternal hope. So we judge not this latter class, but leave them in the hands of God and his truth—to judge for themselves.





CHAPTER V.

THE INEVITABLE RESULTS OF THE EVIL.

I.

IN TIME. Strong drink is the means of almost every vice and misery in the land. It is not only universal, but absolute, in its effects. Said Judge Coleridge: "There is scarcely a crime before me that is not directly or indirectly caused by strong drink." Judge Gurney said: "Every crime has its origin, more or less, in drunkenness." Judge Patteson remarked to a jury: "If it were not for this drinking, you and I would have nothing to do." This is the universal testimony of the bench, of the philosopher, and of the observer of human conduct. They all agree that "habitual drinking is the epitome of every crime." Let us briefly contemplate the results of this great evil classified:

1. *Upon the individual as a whole.* What a picture the victim of "convivial intemperance", or of "solitary sottishness"! What a sermon is a drunken man! Baseness and villainy, disease and wretchedness, filth and rags, shame and remorse, folly and madness, in young and old, are only *some* of the consequences and traits of a drunkard's life. "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babblings? who hath wounds without a cause? who hath redness of eyes (and nose and face)? They that tarry long at the wine." Friendless and despised; forsaken of God and scorned even by his companions in vice; the mock of the multitude in evil, and the bane of society; his bed in the gutter; his home in the prison-house—and all this for what? Aye, all this miserable heritage of shame and woe for the momentary gratification of a cup that poisons, and of a draught that damns! These are pictures which have been drawn a thousand times, and yet they are ever new and full of painful interest. There are over six hundred thousand just such pictures now in the United States.

Young man, will this ever be thy picture? Lift

up the mirror of the drunkard, and see if your face is there. Ah! yes; it is your picture, just so certain as you drink. Habit will imperceptibly entwine his anaconda folds around thy nature, till at last resistance will be in vain. *It is only a question of time.* You may sneer at the idea now, but sooner or later your social tipplings, or your secret toperings, will end in habitual drunkenness, now so loathsome and hateful to your very soul. No one ever expected, much less intended, to be a drunkard. That oft-repeated, but very truthful stanza, is most forcibly illustrated in habitual drinking:

“Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
That to be hated, needs but to be seen;
But seen too oft, familiar with its face,
We first *endure*, then PITY, then EMBRACE.”

2. *Upon the Family.* Again behold misery, shame, rags, sorrow, hunger, POVERTY! “He that loveth wine,” says Solomon, “shall not be rich.” The dram-drinker’s home is an awful commentary upon this passage of Scripture. There is poverty in everything there—even to the poverty of DESPAIR. Oh! that once bright cottage—full of cheer-

ful faces, glowing with light and thrift, replete with happiness and hope! The clean white curtains and the well-served table; the neatly dressed children and the clean swept carpets; the polished furniture, the ivy-clad wall, the flowers in the yard—all told of a noble wife, a good husband, precious children, and a home, “sweet home”! But look now at yonder broken windows and that desolate hearthstone! Behold those downcast children and that broken-hearted wife! Listen to that crimination and re-crimination; those cries of little ones and shrieks of loved ones; those curses, oaths, shouts and yells!! Bitterness usurps the place of domestic felicity, and shadow becloud the sunlight of smiles. The fence is decayed; the neglected ivy clings no more to the dilapidated walls; the flowers have withered; the furniture is ragged, the carpet full of holes; the table and the larder are empty; the children cling to the wretched mother for comfort which she has not, and for bread and clothing which she must beg or earn. *The man has become a drunkard.*

This is a familiar picture, frequently drawn; how often do we paint it—sometimes almost upon the

very walls of the church of Jesus Christ! Horrid Picture! How can a human being thus go to his home, day by day, and gaze constantly upon the "flesh of his flesh and bone of his bone," the wreck of his accursed folly? How can he do it and live? How can he look daily into the drear depths of those desolate hearts and feel no pity, nor such a pang of remorse as would make reformation certain, or death sure? Who blames woman for her late holy war upon the fell monster, DRINK? It may be mixed with fanaticism, but it is fanaticism of the most excusable character. It looks more like justice vindicating the sacred homes of chastity, beauty and hope, against the insanity of man who would destroy them. It looks more like reason, desperate in her self-defense, than madness; I bid her God-speed. She may err a little—be a little out of her place; but she will not stray far, since her motive and her cause are great, momentous and good. If man will not come to the rescue, let injured woman defend herself. Listen to the plaintive wail of a beautiful daughter who has realized the miseries of this unmitigated curse of the world, and we shall

not be ready to condemn these recent demonstrations. In sadness and grief listen:

- “ Go feel what I have felt,
 Go bear what I have borne—
Sink neath the blow a father dealt,
 And the cold world's proud scorn ;
Then suffer on from year to year—
 Thy sole relief the scorching tear.
- “ Go kneel, as I have knelt,
 Implore, beseech, and pray—
Strive the besotted heart to melt,
 The downward course to stay—
Be dashed with bitter curse aside,
 Your prayers burlesqued, your tears defied.
- “ Go weep, as I have wept,
 Over a loved father's fall ;
See every promised blessing swept—
 Youth's sweetness turned to gall ;
Life's fading flowers strewed all the way
 That brought me up to woman's day.
- “ Go, see what I have seen,
 Behold the strong man bow—
With gnashing teeth—lips bathed in blood—
 And cold and livid brow ;
Go catch his withering glance, and see
 There mirrored his soul's misery,

“Go to thy mother’s side,
And her crushed bosom cheer;
Thine own deep gashes hide,
Wipe from her cheek the bitter tear;
Mark her worn frame and withered brow;
The gray that streaks her dark hair now;
With fading frame and trembling limb,
And trace the ruin back to him,
Whose plighted faith in early youth
Promised eternal love and truth;
But who, foresworn, hath yielded up
That promise to the damning cup,
And led her down through love and light,
And all that made her promise bright—
And chained her there ’mid want and strife,
That lowly thing, a drunkard’s wife—
And stamped on childhood’s brow so mild,
That withering blight—a drunkard’s child.

“Go hear and feel and see and know,
All that my soul hath felt and known;
Then look upon the wine-cup’s glow,
See if its beauty can atone—
Then if its flavor you can try,
Where all proclaim ’tis drink and die!

“Tell me I hate the bowl?—
Hate is a feeble word!
I loathe—abhor—my very soul

With strong disgust is stirred—
Whene'er I see, or hear, or tell
Of that dark beverage of hell.” *

Worse than all, man transmits the disease of drunkenness to his posterity. His habit passes in the blood he infuses into the veins of his children, for it soon becomes constitutional, and therefore hereditary. The wicked parent thus entails evil upon his children's children, and visits his iniquities upon the third or fourth generations. O ye drunken fathers! if not for your own sakes, yet for pity's sake, and for your children's sake, send not this blood-corrupting evil down upon your innocent posterity.

3. *Upon the Community.* Picture to yourself, my dear reader, a drunken community! Idleness and beggary; bar-rooms and beer-gardens; Sabbath desecrations and house-breakings; thefts and murders; jails and poor houses; taxation and bankruptcy; licensed lewdness and legalized and advertised revelry—night and day! Pardon me, if this picture comes too near home. But behold many of our cities, and what a fearful commentary upon this picture! Mark, as in many places elsewhere, those

scores of beer gardens and thousands of bar-rooms in Memphis? They meet you at every step of approach and attack, like so many brilliantly bristling fortifications of the "enemy of souls." Each is more numerous attended and better supported than any of our forty churches—white or colored—day after day and week after week, from year to year. Splendidly lighted and ornamented—"how false and yet how fair"—how inviting, and yet how fatal to him who enters there! The young and the old, the great and the small—and even WOMAN—gathers there! She, too, reels often out of this BAR to everything but hell—this BAR to everything good, glorious, or great—and staggers along our streets! Fallen woman, next to a fallen angel, is the worst of all debauchees. Woman drunk on the streets of Memphis? Yes. Horrid picture!! Fearfully ominous!!!

But whose fault is all this? They who do these things? Yes. But are our skirts clean from this filthy blood? No. The municipal authorities, the churches of Jesus Christ, the public journals, the so-called society of the age, the family altar, and

every individual and interest—all whose moral influence, business advantage and legal jurisdiction do not interpose to stigmatize and punish the great evil, and ameliorate the ruinous condition of its victims—I tell you your skirts are not clear. Worse than all, if you have encouraged the vice by gift, or merchandize! It would be infinitely more profitable—even from a selfish standpoint—for the venders of this “distilled damnation” to close their wholesale and retail establishments, and turn their attention to other business. Every gallon of whisky sold is but the means of impoverishing the community in which you live. You kill the goose that lays you the golden egg. Keep liquor from a community, and it will grow thrifty and rich, and it will enrich you in return. Aside from all this, but few venders of liquors ever grow rich. Sooner or later they become their best customers, and blooming faces take the place of well filled pockets.

Nor let any man lay the flattering unction to his soul, that if he does not manufacture and sell this world-destroying evil, some one else will. So says the thief and every evil doer. “If I do not take

this man's pig, or poultry, or fruit, some one else will." As well might every man in the world say, "If I don't do this or that wrong, some one else will." It is no excuse for us to do evil because others will do it. This is the refuge of lies under which half the world is going to hell to-day. Nor will it answer the truth to justify this evil upon the ground that every man must "provide for his own." "Business is business," but God has provided a thousand honest ways to make an honest living. Better dig ditches and grub stumps for a living, than send men to hell and go there yourselves.

Nor will it answer morals to say that the drinker is responsible, and not the seller and the manufacturer. Woe unto you if you put the bottle to your neighbor's mouth. We must put no temptation in the way of any man. We must avoid the appearance of evil; but we must also not place the appearance of evil before the world. Paul says, eating meat and keeping days were not wrong in themselves, being things indifferent; but if they were an occasion of stumbling to a weak brother, we must do neither. Let us offend in nothing. There

is peculiar danger in liquor put before a fallen world. As well might we put any other danger before men, but console ourselves with the idea that they are responsible if they are injured.

Ye ministers of light, ye angels of mercy, ye functionaries of justice, ye men of business, ye institutions of reform, ye social dignitaries, ye churches of the living God, look to your interests—look to the condition of your ruined fellow-creatures—look to the results of time and eternity! Be up and doing. What are ye doing to lift this mighty curse from your communities?

4. *Upon the Government.* “Woe to the drunkards of Ephraim! The crown of pride, the drunkards of Ephraim shall be trodden under feet,” may almost be said of us as a nation. Many of the chiefs of our government have been drinkers and drunkards. The highest and most sacred trusts have been reposed in the hands of debauchees, from the President to the constable; from the cabinet to the bench; from the legislature to the army and the navy. “*It is not for kings, O Lemuel, to drink wine; nor for princes strong drink—lest they drink and forget*

the law." Many of our past calamities in every section of the country and department of the government, are attributable to drinking politicians and officials, who have led millions of dupes through the fraud of the grog-shop to the success of the ballot. Even armies have been led to the triumphs of battle under the banners of alcohol. It may turn out yet, that they were trampling upon the hopes, the rights and liberties of the people, in that retributive justice which shall yet meet out a reward according to our national iniquities. Even now the ruin of defeat, on the one side, and the victory of spoils, on the other, are the consequences of a universal national corruption; while many a fair field, and flourishing city, and noble heart, has been left a desolate waste in a howling wilderness.

5. *Upon the Church.* "The Priest and the Prophet have erred through strong drink." Many of the dreadful exposures of ministerial and priestly dereliction, which occasionally disgrace the pulpit and the altar, spring from the abuse of wine. One of the special qualifications of the bishop is that he is not to be "given to wine"; and when one falls a

victim to the dread habit, the whole country feels the shock. Such cases are rare, fortunately, but whenever they do occur, the evidence of the world's appreciation of this highest and holiest trust of all, is the awful punishment which public opinion inflicts upon the recreant. What a terrible blow is dealt to the cause by the dissipation of a dram-drinking preacher of the gospel!

But what of the *Pew*? How often church members reel in their seats, or stagger to their homes. Oft they are unable to salute their pastor upon the streets or in their places of business, without betraying a thick tongue, a vacant gaze, or a toppling frame. O ye church members know you not what shafts of infidelity you place in the hands of gain-sayers, to thrust at the cross and the house of God? How the churches bleed to-day, at every pore, by these poisoned and barbed arrows which pierce our vitals from every side! How Jesus is wounded in the house of his so-called friends! Some of you are his crucifiers afresh. And thou churches of the living God, do you know the Gospel? "*If any man that is called a brother, be a drunkard, with such an one*

no not to eat.” “Beware, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting and drunkenness, and so that the day come upon you unawares.” Do your duty, and cast out this evil leaven from your fellowship and communion, as ye are commanded. It is needless for churches to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel over dancing, gaming, and other worldly amusements, while they retain drunkards in their communion, or even habitual drinkers who openly stalk, day and night, into public doggeries and bar-rooms before the world. No example is worse, no conduct more disorderly and disgraceful to the church of God. Many sins are worse than this in nature, but none more publicly reproachful and injurious to the cause of Christ. Envy, jealousy, malice, legalized fraud and popularized circumvention; slander, deception and back-biting are all worse, but like the sin of covetousness, more subtle and harder to reach. But drunkenness and drinking are usually public and disorderly, and must be punished according to the law of Christ.



CHAPTER VI.

THE INEVITABLE RESULTS OF THE EVIL—CONTINUED.

II.

IN ETERNITY. Listen finally to the doom of the drunkard and the giver of drink. Not only wretchedness, an awful death, a dishonored grave at the close of his earthly existence; but misery and remorse follow the drunkard through eternity. The final doom of the drunkard is an inevitable Hell. If there is no escape from the earthly consequences of this habit in time, there is none in eternity. It has been said that “all other sins spring from some one of the nobler passions of our nature, but drunkenness is the debasement of them all”; and its doom is unquestionable, certain, fixed—sometimes long ere we leave the shores of time. God’s word declares, “*Nor drunkards shall inherit the kingdom of God.*”

Again, says Paul, "Envyings, murders, *drunkenness*, revelings and *such like*: of the which I tell you before, as I have also told you in time past, that they which do such things shall not inherit the kingdom of God." Enough said. Let every dram-drinker take warning before it is forever too late. "Too late" may come very soon in this particular.

And what is true of the drunkard is true of the *giver* of drink. "*Woe unto him that giveth his neighbor drink; that putest the bottle to him and makest him drunken also.*" How far this is to affect the liquor dealer—the retailer and the wholesaler—who ought, in fact, be the druggist and the physician; how far this is to affect the manufacturer and the giver, will depend upon the wantonness of the act, and the motive and the manner with which and in which he has dealt this most dangerous poison to his fellow-man. If in all cases, it was to bless and to ameliorate, the victim alone is responsible; but if selfish gain and a reckless disregard of human life marked the dealers' merchandize or the giver's munificence, then woe to him who gave, or sold, his neighbor drink, as well as to the drinker himself.

Here we may pause and ponder upon even the most refined and delicate use of the most innocent of domestic beverages at our tables and social gatherings. The age has something to do with the question, as it does with almost every other question. The abuse of drink in modern times seems to have outstripped anything of the kind in past ages—whether in manufacture or consumption. How far then shall we guard against the condemnation and effects of the woe, even in the use of what is most innocent and legitimate? Example—especially in God's professed children—is potent, and often disastrous in its consequences. It is best in every case to give the benefit of the doubt to the side of Christ. "If eating meat, or drinking wine, causeth even one brother to offend, let us eat no more meat, nor drink any more wine, while the world standeth." Woe unto us if we mislead the world!!

In Hell the drunkard and his cool destroyer will meet; and together they will face—the one a suicide and the other a homicide—the consequential wrecks of their folly, or their trade. The one will clutch at his fancied bottle in vain for fancied drink to

quench his tormenting thirst, and he will forever mock his murderer who gave him drink; and the unsatisfied and the ever unsatisfiable greed of gain and passion will be the eternal loss of both. A long line of wretched victims and deeds will ever pass in review before them both, of their ill-spent lives, of their reckless follies; and hopeless despair, and burning remorse will but too well illustrate the doom of drink in the undying "worm," the unquenchable "flame," the endless degradation down "the bottomless pit" and the aggravated and the aggregated evils of that "lake of fire" which is the "second death."

"Ah, brandy, brandy, bane of life!

Source of tumult, spring of strife,

Could I but half thy curses tell,

The wise would wish THEE safe in Hell."

O drunkards and drinkers! escape this "wrath to come", and seek the haven of bliss. You must lay down your *habit*, however; for "There shall in nowise enter into it anything that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie." "Without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremong-

ers and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.” “Nor drunkards shall enter into the kingdom of heaven.” But this brings us to consider our Second Part, which places before us the remedy for the evil.



PART SECOND.





PART SECOND.

THE REMEDY FOR HABITUAL DRINKING.

IF the disease is great, the Remedy is greater, and equally universal and absolute in its power and effects. No matter what the magnitude and the consequences of the SIN, there is a sublime CURE-ALL for the most wretched drunkard upon earth; and if for him, then for all. The Remedy proposed in this part of our work especially embraces the HABITUAL—CONFIRMED—DRUNKARD, not the Habitual Drinker merely. Of course the same Remedy is applicable to all; but this now proposed is the *only* Remedy for the set drunkard. All other grades of drunkenness or drinking below this, can be cured—even by human instrumentalities and organizations; but this *radical* disease requires a *radical* Remedy. For the authority of this assertion, we

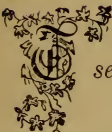
have only to refer to the proclamation of the Gospel and all the examples of Christ. All manner of sins shall be forgiven, save the sin against the Holy Ghost. Christ cast out devils. He cured maniacs. He can exorcise the demon of drunkenness. It would be the grossest infidelity to deny it, or even to doubt it. All things are possible with God, though it should be as easy for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, as for a rich man or a sot to get to heaven. O, here comes in the omnipotent work of FAITH, and what is it faith has not accomplished? Here gleams in the light of eternal HOPE, which never maketh "ashamed," and which can light her torch at depravity's funeral pile. Here beams the day of divine LOVE, which covers a multitude of sins, and which inspires alike the helper and the helpless. CHRIST is the Remedy, and to this idea the following pages will be devoted.



CHAPTER I.

IN WHAT THE REMEDY DOES NOT CONSIST.

I.

 HE REMEDY *does not consist in pledges to self, or any one else.*

There is not the least confidence to be placed in the drunkard's *self*. He has no self. That which constitutes a man's self is annihilated. His voluntary control is destroyed, his intellect shattered, his moral emotions seared over and over, his animal passions supreme over all his other powers. He dare not rely on self, which he has recklessly, knowingly and madly murdered. The moral man is gone; the brute—nay worse than the brute, in many instances—only remains; and just as the groveling beast of the field, when hungry, seizes the tempting, but forbidden bait, without a moment's

consideration, so the infatuated sot goes back to the bowl, against every self-made promise, by an overwhelming impulse.

Nor is there power in pledges to others. The drunkard's promises are cheap—feeble instrumentalities which cost nothing at the time they are made, and which produce nothing. A sudden fright, a momentary horror, the gleam of a lost hope, a deep sense of shame, the poignancy of a transient remorse—any of these may induce the most solemn oath—"in black and white"—before men and angels, but it will be rudely broken when the effect of the temporary and external motive is gone. Like death-bed and scared-up conversions, the drunkard's resolution is gone, his pledges forgotten, when the danger seems over; and despotic passion will resume its sway, perhaps, upon its habitual demand in the first temptation.

The drunkard needs some greater motive than pledges and temporary resolves, which usually vanish with the circumstances that inspire them. His disease is a burning consumption, whose every apparent change for the better is but the premonition

of a deeper relapse. I repeat, the drunkard—the confirmed drunkard—requires a radical remedy—a permanent, deep-seated motive which no pledge, nor earthly inspiration can ever give, and which no earthly temptation or power can take away.

II.

The remedy does not consist in joining a temperance, or similar institution.

I shall not object to the drunkard's doing so; but, sooner or later, he will retract or break his obligation, thus perjuring himself, to return, like the dog to his filthy vomit, worse than ever before. This is the result, nine times out of ten, and "the last state of that man is worse than the first." Temperance institutions are most excellent preventives, but ~~never~~ cures of the confirmed disease. As bars to the progress of the great evil, we bid God-speed to every institution in the land which promises prevention, or reform, in those who are capable of reform. In this point of view, the growth of the monster may be checked, and thousands reclaimed just upon the verge of ruin. But the pow-

er of no organization or association has yet been able to break the iron chains of confirmed habit. The *motive* may be greater, by reason of public opinion and fraternal association, than in mere personal pledges, or individual resolves, but the relapse of the inebriate is only a question of time. The fact is, no true motive or principle lies in organism at all. Organisms are great *pro-motives*, when some principle which moves a man has already been reached; but in the case of the drunkard, without the power of reaching any principle of reform or salvation whatever.

This view of the subject, however, is not intended to discourage any effort upon the part of the inebriate, or the institutions which propose to reform. We never know exactly where the line of hope is crossed. Besides this, there are apparently exceptions to the rule we have laid down. Altogether, there is no harm in any effort to reform and save, unless that effort is ill-timed, badly managed, and unadapted to the desired end. If that effort should finally leave a man worse than before, we had better adopt some other method of redemption.

The whole question then turns upon what the Remedy is.

III.

The Remedy does not consist in joining the church of Christ, or some other religious society.

The church of Christ is the strongest organic instrument of power on earth for good, because its institution is divine, its principles eternal, and its membership spiritual; and yet neither God, nor truth, nor virtue, lie in the organization itself. It is true, much depends upon the quality of the membership, and the purity of doctrine propagated, but we must look beyond even such an organization as this for the power of that change of mind essential to reform and salvation. The church is only the *pro-motive* of a higher set of principles still, when those principles are reached in the soul; but, in the case of the drunkard, or any other sinner, without the power of reaching any principle whatever—just as in human societies. The church might go further than any other institution in the work of temporary impression, but the relapse of habit would be still

only a question of greater time. The inebriate—like every other unchanged man let into the organism of the church—would repose for a while in some supposed efficacy of ecclesiastical duty and association, and would finally fall in his unsubstantial trust. There may be some exceptions in all cases and classes of sins, but the rule holds good in the great mass. The invariable consequence of such churchism is greater disgrace still to the backsliding and now worse discouraged man, and to the injured church as well. *A radical disease must have a radical remedy.*

How dreadfully is the church already abused in the conduct of her children—even in cases supposed to be regenerate—but who, perhaps, have adopted this institution of God as a mere *machine* of reformation and regeneration! This is a common idea in many “high places,” inculcated as an ecclesiastical principle, and no wonder thousands of ignorant and unlearned persons are deluded by it! How often the ruined wretch comes and asks for membership, on the ground that the church will save him! Who is responsible for the propagation of

this monstrous and ruinous error? Let us not forget that the church is "THE BRIDE OF CHRIST"—his "Body"—the "Flesh of His Flesh and Bone of His Bone"—the temple of "living" and polished stones—designed only for the *regenerate* children of God. If the unregenerate ever enter there, it is not by *design*. Even the regenerate do not always honor that temple—"the ground and pillar of the truth." The church may be, in the fullest sense, a hospital for God's weak and sickly children, but it is not a graveyard for corrupt and dead sinners—a "whited sepulcher" for "rottenness" and "dry bones." There is no more certain way of burying a sinner—especially a drunkard—in the tomb of his own corruption, than by taking him, radically unchanged, into the church, which itself in turn is sure to be corrupted by the "little leaven"—of one evil member—"which leaveneth the whole lump." Says one: "*He might possibly become converted.*" Nine times in ten he will not. On the contrary, he will either rest in some fancied security of ecclesiastical efficacy to save, or else relapse deeper into crime, so soon as he fails to discover, or feel, no potent and mystic

efficacy in organization. In that event the victim either abandons the church in shame and disgust, or flatters himself with the delusion that somehow or other, in some way or other, at some time or other, the church will save him at last. Wisely the Bible warns us to exclude, much less take in, every disorderly member—cut off every rotten branch, and by no means commune, or hold fellowship with drunkards in the church. The “ashler” must first be polished before it is put into the temple, and the polishing must be done outside.

All this does not exonerate the church, however, from the work of redemption. “Ye are the salt of the earth”—“the light of the world.” The church is the fold of the “sheep,” and not of the “goats.” It would never do to put goats into the fold with the sheep; but the church must go out and call the goats to Christ, who alone can change them to sheep, and then bring them into the fold. This is common sense. We do not take the drunkard, the rake, the vile and corrupt, into our families, our business, or the circles of good society, until he becomes changed and worthy of our most sacred

trusts. We may go out and try to reform and encourage these. This is our solemn duty as citizens and Christians. Our public assemblies—the preaching of the gospel—benevolent associations—and thousands of other means are employed for this purpose. But we dare not take them in without change. Like the viper warmed in the farmer's bosom, they will, ere long, sting with the poison of moral corruption. It is the very nature of sin. If you would put an asp in your bosom, first extract his teeth, or take the sack of poison from under his fangs. The church is just as certain to be corrupted and disgraced, as the unchanged get into it—aside from doing the unchanged no good. O no; the work of the church is in "*the field*"—where the tares and the wheat may grow together—"which is the world;" and her arms ought to be thrown around every drunkard and wretch in every community. It is the duty of the church to save, but only to save *instrumentally*, and then only in the "*field*," which is outside of her organism, but not her influence. This is the only true, wise and safe plan,

both for the church and the drunkard—the sinner of any class.


In these respects, however, temperance organizations differ somewhat from churches, society, family and business. Temperance societies are merely institutions of reform, not of regeneration; and although they might never radically reform the radical drunkard, yet it does not alter the genius of their constitution to take them in and do the best they can for them. If the inebriate fails in his resolution and pledge, the organization is not injured so much, because its design has not been affected. If the society long retains the backslider, however, she is soon injured in the eyes of the community, and loses her moral power for good. The truth is, that even here, membership depends upon good behavior, and thus much good is accomplished, unless the failure of the inebriate deeper destroys self-confidence, self-respect and self-control.



CHAPTER II.

IN WHAT THE REMEDY DOES CONSIST.

I.

 *IN the immediate study of his spiritual condition and the plan of his redemption, by the inebriate himself.*

It might be remarked here, before proceeding to the discussion of this part of our subject, that several schemes have been set on foot for the reformation of the drunkard, in the institution of asylums, and a regular medical treatment of the inebriate. How far this scheme has been successful, is not absolutely known. Drunkenness is treated as a disease, and the victim restored by treatment, as from any other disease. But it has already been found in many instances, that these men return again to the fatal cup after their temporary restoration. We apprehend this is true in all cases, where

the disease is chronic and constitutional. An inherent appetite or taste is formed which neither time nor medical skill can ever entirely destroy, even in a physical point of view. Seclusion in an asylum, absence from all temptations, and constant application of treatment for a term of weeks, months or years, will, no doubt, for the time being, allay the inebriate's thirst and keep him from the practice of his sin. So of any other disease, if it is not so far gone as to resist every effort to appease and retard. In fact, this method of imprisonment is the only physical means of breaking the drunkard's habit for life—provided we never let him come out again to meet the power of temptation. The truth is, that drunkenness is not only a physical, but a moral and mental disease, as we have shown. In these respects it differs from mere bodily disorders—many of which, in themselves, are incurable. This two-fold disease can never be broken up, where it has become radical, by any earthly medicine. It may be restrained, like the practice of insanity, within prison walls, but this is not reformation or regeneration. We have seen, too, that

no mental medicine can cure the radical disease. The inebriate may reason, and the world around him may reason, but no earthly motive stops him. A ragged and wretched family—starving to death—will not bar his course of ruin. Hence, no school of medicine or discipline can cure this disease alone. One more step must be taken; what is it? It must be a *spiritual* one. We would not discourage any effort whatever to save the drunkard, whether physically or mentally, but to all these *must* be added one more, and, thank God, *the work can be done.*

There are many of the opinion that religion never cures the disease. Facts are stubborn things. There are not simply a few exceptions, but thousands of instances upon record of men and women, whom christianity has redeemed from this curse. There are cases who, upon conversion, never again touched, tasted, or handled the unclean thing; or if tempted again occasionally to touch, gradually overcame the habit to the end. This brings us then to consider the first step the inebriate must take. He must be radically changed—converted—regenerated. Then he is a new creature in Christ Jesus,

whose grace is sufficient for us, and which is able to save to the uttermost every one that comes to Him by faith. It must be not simply a reformation. It must not be simply a trial effort—a mere profession. There must be a new birth of the eternal God. In the case of the drunkard, he has the disadvantage of both total natural and total practical depravity to contend against. But christianity, even here, is omnipotent, and gains a double victory over sin. It demonstrates itself divine in the case of the drunkard, above every other condition of ruined and fallen man. Herein sin truly abounds, but grace much more abounds. Oh, if sin hath reigned unto death—*such a death*—grace reigns “through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord.”

The first step then is to bring the inebriate to consider his condition spiritually. He has considered it, perhaps, in every other way conceivable. He has, perhaps, made spasmodic efforts to consider it religiously, but he must be brought to do so thoroughly. If he will not begin the work himself, he must be urged to it by some one else—some true

and exemplary Christian. Enlightenment from a scriptural stand-point, is an essential and primary starting point, without which it is impossible to proceed. Impulses and excitements, whether religious or not, will never accomplish the work. Spiritual knowledge of a crime is a power supernatural to conscience. There must be a godly sorrow, not a worldly sorrow, for his sin. There must be a divine faith, not a human confidence in the truth; not only of his condition, but in the plan of his redemption. The inebriate must stop and reflect solemnly under this truth, upon his wretchedness and other sins, and above all to gaze from the depths of this awful enlightenment into the glorious light of his eternal hope. Eternity and Heaven, as well as Hell, must come in to move, for all the motives of time and sorrow and reason have failed, and will continue to fail him.

Now it is in the province of every man to take this first step, *if he will*. Even the prodigal "came to himself." His wretchedness and despair, his vocation and rags brought him to stop and reflect, like a man, upon his condition first, and then turn

toward his Father's house. He pondered deeply upon his want and the course that had brought him to ruin; and the extremity of his life became Heaven's sublime opportunity. If the reflection brought vividly to memory the glory of the "sweet home" he had left—the inheritance he had lost—with a powerful determination he resolved and decided to go back—*and went.*

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return."

God sanctifies such solemn, serious reflections. The Spirit breathes upon it true enlightenment. Christ comforts the distressed seeker after the truth. The passions cool down, though Satan tempts and the world allures, and though the flesh strives for the "mastery." A grand exertion of rational strength and a powerful excitement of the moral emotions are produced under these tremendous convictions of spiritual truth. An all-important, an essential step is taken in the direction of Hope and Life, as well as Reform. Be of good courage, poor lost inebriate; and thou Believer,

come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty, and for the sake of thy ruined fellow-creature.


What a field of *charity*, as well as reformation and salvation! How many stars may a man add to his crown here! The drunkard's soul is as precious as that of the Magdalene whom *much* was forgiven; and he who adds such a star, adds a jewel of infinite lustre to the diadem of Jesus. "Simon, I have somewhat to say unto you." "Say on, Master." "There was a certain creditor," etc. Let every Pharisee turn and read Luke vii. 36-50. O, Jesus, thou lovest the vilest sinner upon earth. Shall the Master's servants love any of them less than He? "Come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty;" and come up to the help of the helpless for the Lord, for the salvation of never-dying but precious souls, no matter how degraded, or ruined, or lost.



CHAPTER III.

IN WHAT THE REMEDY DOES CONSIST—CONTINUED.

II.

HE *remedy consists in the formation of a most solemn resolution and purpose, "in the heart of hearts"—to abandon the habit by the help of God, without pledge or promise.*

Prayer must take the place of vows and promises; for prayer prevails alone with Omnipotence. I doubt whether the gospel inculcates the doctrine of vows and self-made obligations. Jesus tells us to "*watch*" and "*pray*." None of us know what we will do under the power of temptation, if we are depending in any sense upon the moral force of an obligation. We have seen Peter thrice promise allegiance to Christ. We have seen him thrice break it, and swear he did not know his Lord. Beware of Peter's word. Grace must take the

place of oaths—"for by grace are ye saved through faith, and *that* not of yourself: it is the gift of God." After all, it is not by our own efforts that we are saved, although we are not saved without those efforts. At all events, *then*, there will be no broken vows in heaven, where millions are now registered, and underscored a thousand times with perjury. We want here PURPOSE, the grandest motive which springs out of true enlightenment in the conception of our difficulty. *We want a resolute decision of the whole man to forever discard alcohol, in any form, as a medicine or a beverage, no matter by whom nor for what administered.* This must be the purpose formed under the truth. Even if death is the consequence, it will be infinitely better to die in the triumphs of victory over a damning habit, than to die under the curse of it. Like Hernando Cortes at Vera Cruz, burn the ships of sin and temptation behind your resolutions and cut off all retreat, under the grace of God, back to the land of your former vices. There are many christian examples who have *thus died*, rather than go back, under the flattering illusions of the drunkard's syren, whose song had well

nigh drawn her victims into the foul clutches of an inextricable and eternal ruin.

Under this point of view there must never be a subsequent period in the life of the reformed and regenerate inebriate in which this purpose must be relaxed. Thousands have fallen here, or have been seriously retarded in their life of reformation and usefulness. One of the temptations of Satan is, by and by, to flatter a man that he is now strong enough—that he can now touch with impunity—that a christian *man* ought not to deny himself of a medicine or beverage which many clever worldly gentlemen use without danger. It will not do. Lips once accustomed to the burning cup of intoxication can never touch again without the danger of a fall. The seeds of habit are never eradicated from the flesh of the best christian upon earth. These seeds may be kept down by the grace of God, the plow of prayer and the harrow of effort; but the least indulgence will make them crop out again, and the christian's struggle is only doubled with scalding tears and burning agonies. If he falls to ruin again, the fact only demonstrates that his work

was not radical and must be done over again, or be lost. Our resolve must never be relaxed, but ever intensified. Our danger lies in the fact that we feel *strong*. "Let him that thinketh *he* standeth, take heed, lest he fall." The sot who had joined the Knights of Jericho, and who had run well for a while, was so satisfied with himself and his progress one day, that, on passing a saloon, he concluded he would "*treat his pledge*." Unfortunately, he treated his old habit, and was drunk in the gutter in less than an hour. Such is the history of thousands. The purpose must ever be strengthened—never, never for one moment relaxed.

III.

The Remedy consists again in the selection of one or more pious, godly friends who, like brothers, will help the inebriate's weaknesses and bear his infirmities.

There is a power in true friendship to give motive, when that friendship is deep, sincere, sanctified. A *friend* is one who will tell a man his faults and then help him out of them. There are thousands of lynx-eyed censors—*FRIENDS*—who see

and *lament* and *mourn* over your faults, and who portray them to the world and to your injury—mayhap to their own advantage—but *who never help you out of your troubles*. They watch you, like hawks, watching for prey. Some of them are exceedingly *pious* in tears and smiles and habit when they talk about your sins behind your back—and that they ever take occasion to do—but they never come to you and take you by the hand and lift you out of the gutter—*unless it pays to do so*. These sanctimonious, though perhaps externally consistent, Pharisees, are always exceedingly selfish, and lavish of forgiveness, forbearance and attentions, if family interest or connections are involved. This class of friends have done some good, perhaps, in keeping the unwary watchful; but they have made thousands of men misanthropes and infidels who have felt that there is less charity in christians often, than in the world. Here the unfortunate victims of habit are mistaken, for this is not true christianity, from the practice of which they draw their conclusions.

Again, there are thousands of clever men and women who are willing to help the unfortunate,

provided they do not come in contact with them. "*Systematic Benevolence!*" They are willing to give a little money to such charitable persons and institutions as will trouble themselves to aid human infirmities and redeem lost souls, but they can make no effort, not even smile on the wretched sot, much less deign to take him by the hand and give a word of warning or comfort. Many of this class are christians and christian ministers—nay, churches who elbow the poor to the back pews, or out of the door, and who would feel contaminated if a miserable drunkard or harlot should come into their houses of worship. - *This is very much like Christ!* He made the poor the chief object of his ministry, and publicans and sinners were his companions, of course for their good. The idea of these so-called churches, ministers and christians is simply this: "We are holier than thou." "*We are the elite.*" "We can violate no taste or propriety by having the poor, the unfortunate, or the once fallen in our *fellowship and communion.*" They are sometimes open communionists, too. "Let these vile and uncultivated creatures go off to themselves, where, plebian like,

they will feel at home with themselves." "We will pay anybody who will make the sacrifice to minister to them." "God bless the poor and the wretched—but *they had better be to themselves.*" Systematic—charitable—christianity! No wonder so few are redeemed! No wonder there are so many so-called churches—the mere embodiment of pride, corruption and selfishness!

Ah! it is true *friendship* which gives power to the motive of the reformer. It is the love of God which, above the terrors of the law, at last wins the sinner and lifts him up; and the disinterested friendship of man to man is the only earthly thing like unto the Christ of God. How potent is a sympathetic tear, shed upon our misfortunes, our wretchedness, our poverty, our sins! How it elevates the lowest man of earth, to see his superiors stooping down to him, condescending to his low estate, and lifting him to a level with the respectability of the world and to a hope for the future! And thus the Church of Christ is ordained to weep, to pray, to toil over a lost world; and with loving and brotherly hand, lead it back through a gospel of love, to a loving

and living Savior. Yes, the christian individually must be the friend of the sinner—especially the inebriate. To this friend the inebriate must cling—ever fly for counsel—from the appearance of evil—even at the hour of midnight. That friend in such a need, is a friend indeed; and he must watch over and pray with his *protege*. The wreck of intemperance is as helpless as the babe in the mother's lap.

O ye churches of the living God; ye children of eternal hope; ye ministers of light, what promises here of blessings and rewards to you, that "bread cast upon the waters shall return after many days;" that they "who turn many to righteousness shall be as the stars forever;" that he "who converts a sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins!" "It is not a vain thing," as some think, "to serve God." "No labor in the Lord is in vain."



CHAPTER IV.

IN WHAT THE REMEDY CONSISTS—CONTINUED.

IV.

THE *Remedy consists in the abandonment of every evil association.*

This means places, times and persons alike. There are places which inspire an old habit with renewed energy, and furnish it with desires which we thought were overcome. The true impulses of a reformer is to hate the places of his former dissipations and wanderings. Especially is this true, if he is a regenerate reformer. He loathes them with all his soul, but the flesh is weak; and even these drear spots in the life of wretchedness and despair will grow bright and green again under the power of local associations, if they should be revisited too often, or perhaps at all. There are times, too, when

every oft-recurring season, constitutional to habit, brings back the memory and power of every vice. How the nerves of the tobacco chewer reaches out every morning, as he rises from his bed, for their required stimulus! The same is true of the opium-eater and the dram-drinker. Habit, at certain times, rises up, like an iron-sceptered tyrant, and demands of us whatever we are accustomed to gratify this monarch of the profligate soul with. For a long period in the history of the reformer this will be true. It often takes the same time to break a habit that it did to form it. Nay, often longer, for it is much easier to contract, than it is to retract. But whatever be the times and seasons through which we must go to reach reform and happiness, we must be patient, and ever avoid the evil association of seasons and times which arouse again the power of habit.

But the great danger of the reformer lies in the company of bad men. The company of evil he must shun as he would the companionship of devils. There are evil associations which ruin us from design. There are demons incarnate who lay wait

for our souls, especially when we would make an effort to save ourselves. There are those who hate us through jealousy, because they envy us our success, or prosperity. There are those who despise our good character and our virtues, and who are made to feel ugly by the beauty of our lives. These would ruin us from malice aforethought. These are genuine murderers. But there are wanton destroyers of our souls, who mock all our good resolutions and intentions, who hate God and religion, and every good thing. These have not the love of truth in their hearts, nor the fear of God nor the good of man before their eyes. They mean to do evil and evil only; nor would they scruple to drag angels down to hell. Their trade is vice. Their vocation is ruin. Beware, above all things, the seducer, of any character whatever. Among this class of evil companionship the inebriate will always find his familiar old chum, the rum-seller—often the prince of devils and murderers himself. The most cool, cruel, hard-hearted murderers upon earth are generally liquor retailers, whose trade is death.

V.

The Remedy consists in searching the Scriptures diligently and perpetually.

There is a motive power unto life in the word of God—honestly read and constantly searched. It is the “savor of life unto life” to the sincere seeker; the “sword of the Spirit” in smiting off the chains of darkness and of sin; the looking-glass which mirrors the guilty soul; the unerring needle which points to the cross; the revelation of eternal hope; “the *power of God* unto salvation.” It displays the iniquity of the sinner’s—the drunkard’s—heart in all its grossness and enormity; and above all, it displays Christ, the REMEDY, in all his beauty, glory and saving efficacy. Make the Bible your companion. God’s truth is “spirit and life”—the most powerful of all motive instrumentality left to mortal man. Put a Bible in thy pocket instead of a bottle, nor let the latter ever take the place of the former again; and my word for it, if the contents of God’s word are as eagerly and constantly devoured as those of the bottle have been, the water of life

will soon wash out the poison of death forever. There is no companionship so blessed as the Word of God. The inspired Psalmist declared no greater truth than this:

“Happy the man,
Who WALKS not in the counsel of the wicked,
Nor STANDS in the way of sinners,
Nor SITS in the seats of scoffers;
But in the law of Jehovah is his delight,
And in his law he meditates day and night.
And he shall be as a tree planted by the water-
Which yields its fruit in its season; [courses,
And his leaf shall not wither,
AND WHATSOEVER HE DOETH SHALL PROSPER.”

VI.

The Remedy consists in seeking “Jesus only,” as the goal of all our efforts and hopes.

The cross must be the end of every step, for there is no hope to the drunkard, *either in time or eternity*, short of it. The drunkard's is truly a desperate case. But the cross alone can heal any and every sin—blot out any and every iniquity. Just one inch short of this, and we had as well never made the

start. The return back to the bosom of habit, will be a fearful recoil, from which, perhaps, the inebriate will never recover. The cross! the cross! Oh, it is in the sight of the most wretched and miserable and debased! Look up! look aloft! push on with all thy life, thou worst of prodigals and wanderers from God. "*Agonize to enter in at the strait gate; for many shall seek to enter in and shall not be able.*" Christ is the "Physician of the Soul," and can make the foulest clean. He is the "Balm of Gilead," and can cure the deepest wound, though "from the sole of the foot even unto the head there is no soundness in thee; but wounds and bruises and putrifying sores." Yea, "though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow; though they be red like crimson, they shall be as wool." Grace, "*amazing grace,*" is the spirit's crown of every motive; and it will overcome, through faith, the world, the flesh, the devil. It was grace that changed a Mary Magdalene, a John Bunyan, a noble Dawson, and thousands of the most depraved drunkards and harlots that ever blighted the fair face of the green earth. In many instances it has raised

them up to the most exalted positions of honor, trust and usefulness, even while they have lived here below.

This is the divinely implanted motive; and which height nor depth can ever sound, or change, or take away. The two grand innate motives of the soul are *responsibility* and *hope*. It is grace alone that can re-inspire these in the besotted heart which has long since lost the fear of punishment, or the hope of reward. Then, in Christ, the inebriate is safe; “for your life is hid with Christ in God.” “*Nothing*,” says Paul, “can separate us from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus, our Lord.” An Adam or an Eve, *outside of Christ*, could fall—be separated from the love of God; but not so with the blood-bought and blood-washed sinner, though he might have been the vilest drunkard beneath the sun. How sublime and practical the truth, that the most hopeless inebriate indeed may thus become the most exalted son of God—the native of the skies—“an heir of glory!” How potent, then, the motive to seek the Savior! How unfailing his all-potent energy to save, under his ordained instrumental-

ities! He could save without these, but these are in his plan, and He promises to aid and render efficient the slightest effort, as well as give the motives we have laid down. This is a certain and sure Remedy. Christ is a true, tried, precious, elect, corner-stone—a “sure foundation”—laid in Zion. “Other foundation can no man lay.”

In conclusion, “*come to Christ.*” “The Spirit and the Bride say, *Come.* And let him that heareth say, COME! And let him that is athirst say, COME! And whosoever *will*, let him take of the *WATER OF LIFE* freely.





V.

IN WHAT THE REMEDY CONSISTS—CONTINUED.

VII.

FINALLY, *the Remedy consists in following Christ.*

When the inebriate is fully assured of his conversion, as he will be, then he must take up the cross, where his Master laid it down, *and follow after*. Having been washed in the bath of regeneration, having been buried to sin, having risen again to newness of life, he must symbolize, before the world, the workings of grace in his soul, and his hopes for the future, by a public profession of faith in baptism. This is a solemn step. It speaks volumes from the past; it promises volumes for the future. It is the oath of allegiance to Jesus Christ in this life, and in his kingdom here below. It is the celebration of the marriage banns between the

“new creature” and Christ—the bride and the bridegroom—in the plighting of mental vows and in that symbolization of that vital union, already formed, in which Christ is “flesh of our flesh, and bone of our bone.” This, God ordains. The redeemed *must* become a *member of the church*, the “body of Christ”—the temple of living and polished stones. There is a strong reason for this. These “lively stones” grow together, and each supplies strength to the other, as well as compactness to the whole. The regenerate is a “*smooth ashler*” now, and however small, there is a place for him in the temple. No “*rough ashler*” could find a place, nor could he fit the building if he did. Solomon’s temple, which, in this respect, is a type of the church, was built without the sound of the hammer; and every stone which went into it was prepared at the quarry, according to the pattern of the master, by the workmen. So the christian, before he becomes a part of this antitype, more important still, must be prepared from the quarries of sin, under the chisel and hammer of the master workmen, which are the Word of God, and ground smoothly by the mills of repent-

ance. But when this is done, the stone *must* enter. It is polished and living.

But the work is but begun. Trial and temptation—sharp and strong—will be sure to test this *in-born* and *new-born* motive, which is JESUS. Satan, the world, the flesh, all hate Jesus. Putting on Christ is the signal for attack. The devil hates, the world revolts, the flesh writhes under Christ, and the onsets of subsequent life will be furious to the converted, once habituated to fearful, besetting sins. All this, too, is ordained of God. Here is a free gift, but it must be won, even by the weakest soldier in the ranks of Immanuel. The fire-proof of the cross is the test of the christian. If Christ suffered, was tempted, buffeted, had to pray, and weep, and watch, and toil, so must all his followers. Otherwise we would never know that we were saved by grace, or feel and know our dependence, or realize those christian graces by which the christian is distinguished. God puts all his children in the crucible, and then puts the crucible on the fire to test the genuineness of our faith, which is more precious than gold tried in the fire. A tried faith alone is

valuable. We must "work out"—that is, demonstrate—prove our own salvation, *for* it is God who worketh in us both to will and to do of his own good pleasure." We must make our "calling and election sure"—that is, sure to ourselves. It takes the trials of life to demonstrate the genuineness of an election—the assurance of our salvation. "Surely, this is fearful," the inebriate will say, but there is a sweet consolation in it after all.

If Jesus is truly conceived within us—"the hope of glory"—the motive nor the work can ever be shaken; although diligence upon the service of God's house and the vigilance of private devotion are the tests of christian constancy, the price of christian consistency and the evidence of christian birth. In the whole struggle, our weapons and strength are not our own. God supplies our deficiencies and stimulates our energies. Otherwise no christian would ever battle through. We are God's workmanship, "ordained" to do good works. The christian is God's machine—ever impelled in our activities by the inborn motives of faith and love, even in our coldest and most trying moments.

Added to all our graces is labor—perpetual exertion for good—and Satan finds but little room or time to vex the feeblest saint. Although the seeds of former habit will ever remain in the flesh, like the nail-prints in the post, yet *labor omnia vincet* is as true in religion as in the business of life. Let the regenerated drunkard work for his Savior, as well as trust him, and his faith through grace will be sufficient for every weakness and trial. Christ will bring him out of six troubles, and he will not forsake him in the seventh. “The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord,” and “though he fall, he shall not utterly be cast down.” God promises to aid, comfort and hold up his children; to allow no temptation to assail us “above that we are able to bear;” to always “make a way for our escape;” and to bring us all off, if we are his, “more than conquerors through him that loved us.”

CONCLUSION.

Now farewell, friendly reader. It may be that you are one of the unfortunates, to whom this little work is addressed. You may think it is a long and

arduous task imposed for reformation and salvation. So it is, but it is your only hope. There is no other way. You must remember that the way of the transgressor has been long and hard. "*Wide is the gate and broad is the way which leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat: for strait is the gate and narrow is the way which leadeth into life, and few there be that find it.*" But you must go in at the strait gate and walk the narrow way. This is the only route to hope and to heaven; and self-denial and fidelity are the only plan for breaking up your fearful habit. Christ is the narrow way—the strait gate involves the agonizing struggle to overcome self in the entrance.

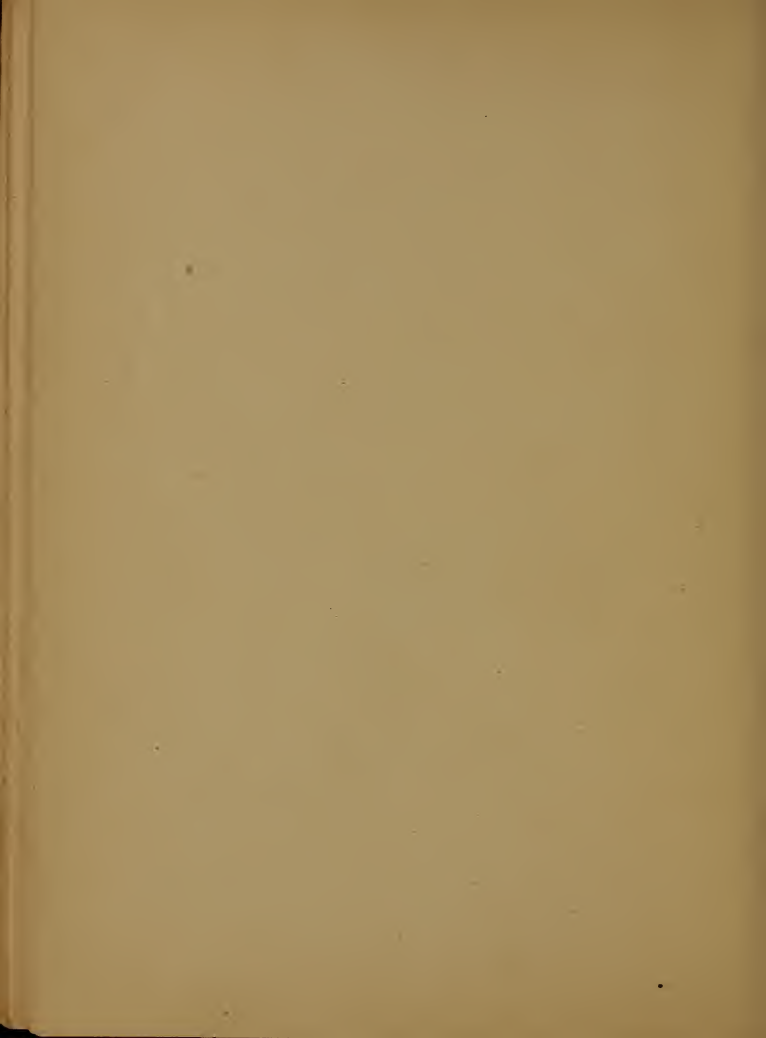
But suppose the effort is a hard one. Every effort which accomplishes any great end is a hard one. Everything valuable is attained by a cross of some kind. Nothing worthy of human regard was ever attained without it. In the present case, there is a sublime end to be accomplished! *The salvation of your immortal soul*—the attainment of joy and peace and rest of spirit, both in time and eternity. If you do not attain these, you incur the infinite

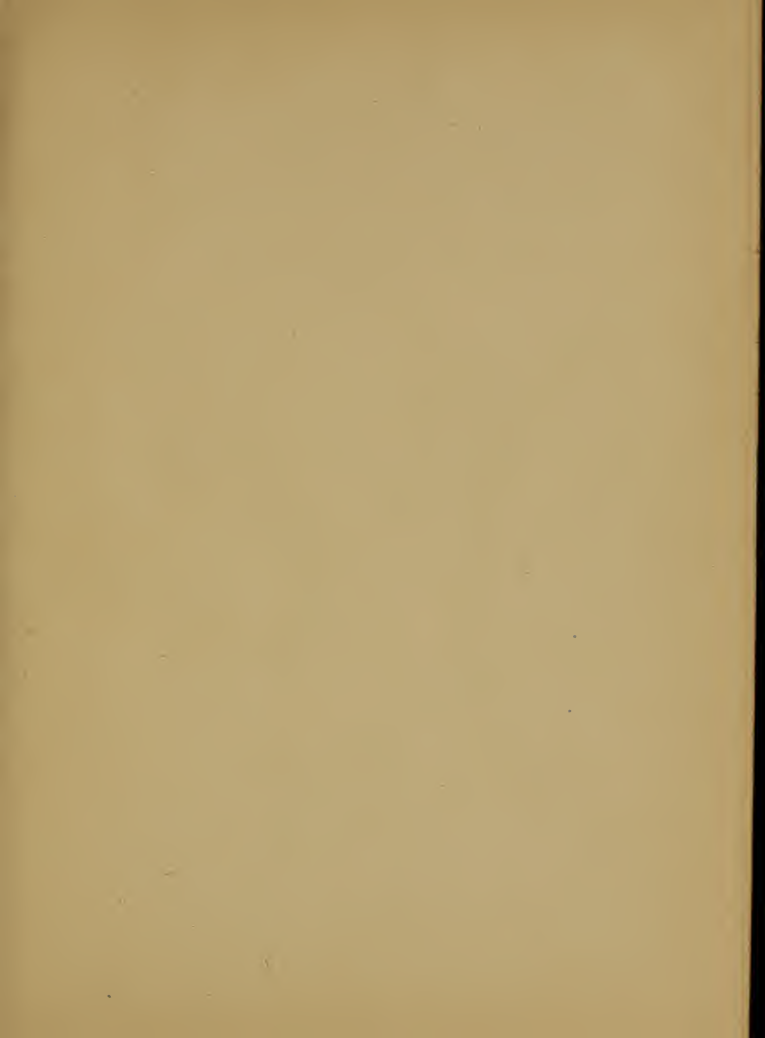
and eternal loss of all. Even amid the struggle, the peace and the hope of a christian, for a single hour, is worth all the pleasures and gratifications of "sin for a season," which you enjoy in a life-time. Besides, these are no compensation for your miseries which, as a hopeful christian, you would never feel again.

And now, perhaps you will say, "I am not a *confirmed* drunkard." If not, for heaven's sake, stop! You may become one, and then — "O, I'll adopt your plan of salvation, if I ever do." Ninety-nine chances to one, you would not if you could. How many will be saved by this piece of advice? Most of those confirmed are just like you, now. Delusive as it is, they expect to do better yet—and hell is peopled with these—all of whom once had, and perhaps died with, these good intentions. These future *intentions* are the refuge of lies, behind which the soul shields itself from every instrumentality to save itself. God asks no future intentions. He asks for present purposes. "Now!" "To-day!" God seems to be in a hurry about but one thing—the human soul. That one thing is always in a hurry about

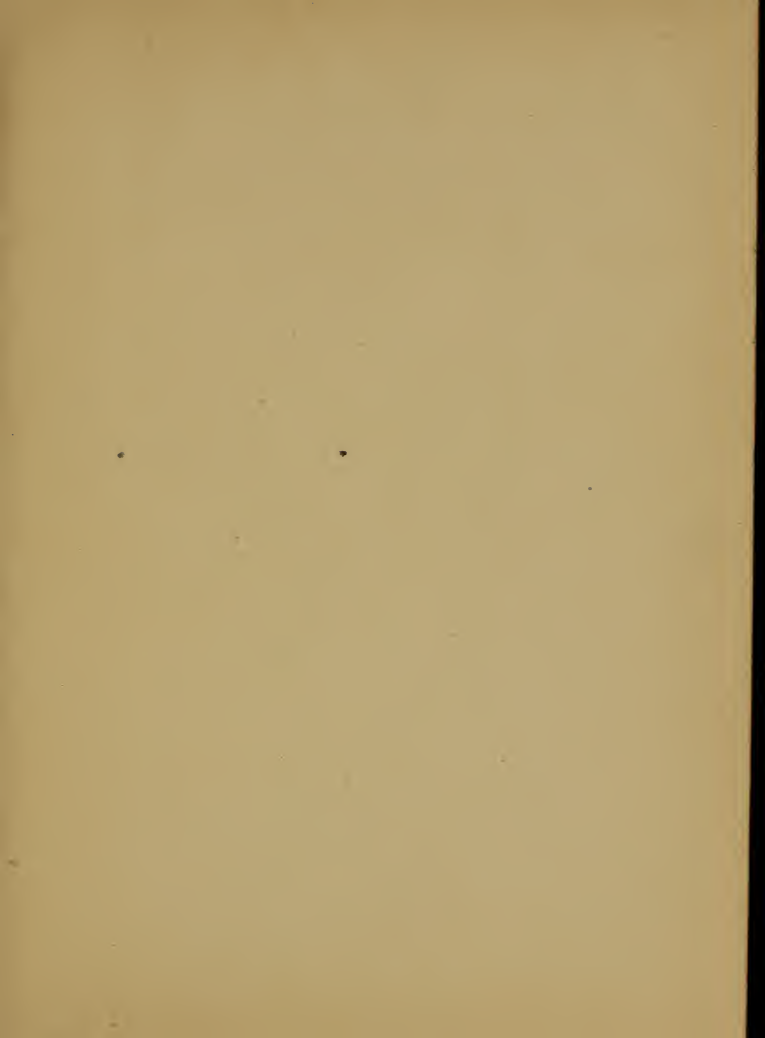
everything else. "*Behold, I stand at the door and knock.*" Rap, rap, rap! Oh! drunkard, dram-drinker, sinner, open unto Him. Every hour you wait your fearful habit is gaining strength, binding faster his slavish chains and fixing your fearful doom.

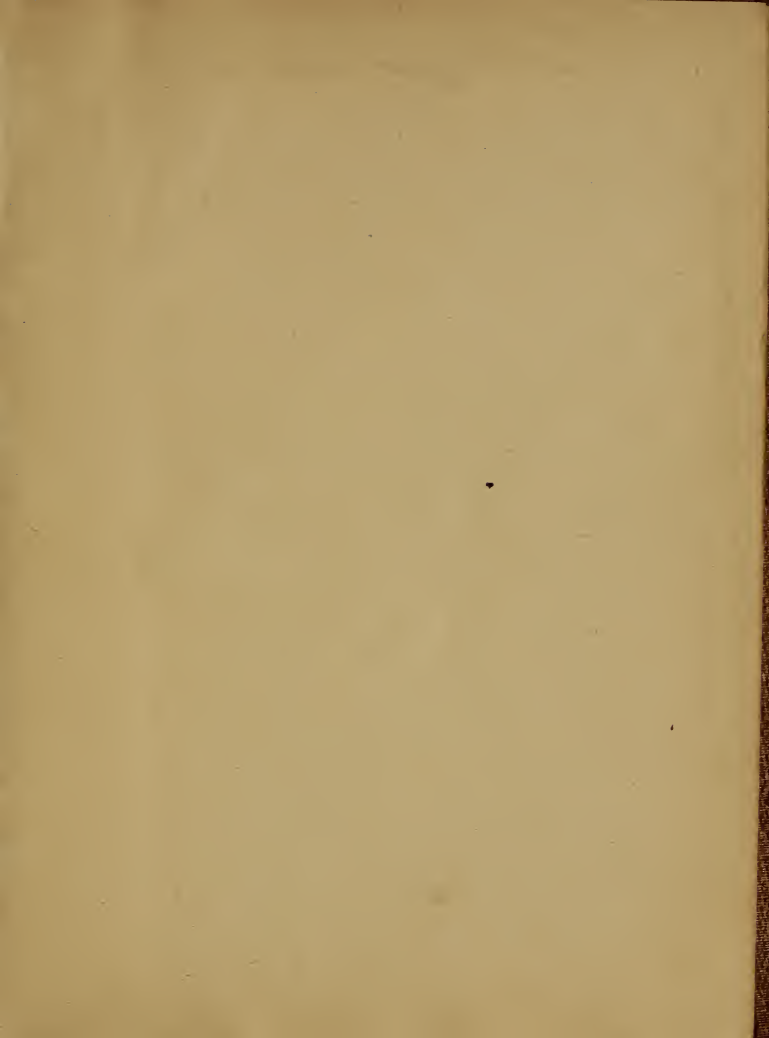












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